

## The Critic

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### Our Eminent Visitors

(Past, present, and future).

WELCOME to them each and all! They do good—the deepest, widest, most needed, good—though quite certainly not in the ways attempted—which have, at times, to the appreciative nostril, a scent of something irresistibly comic. Can there be anything more farcical, for instance, than the sight of a worthy gentleman, coming three or four thousand miles through wet and wind to speak complacently and at great length on matters of which he both entirely mistakes and knows nothing, before a crowd of auditors equally complacent and equally at fault?

Yet welcome and thanks, we say, to those we have, and have had, among us—and may the procession continue! We have had Dickens and Thackeray, Froude, Herbert Spencer, Oscar Wilde, Lord Coleridge—and now Matthew Arnold and Irving the actor. Some have come to make money—some for a 'good time'—some to help us along and give us advice—and some undoubtedly to investigate, *bona fide*, this great problem, democratic America, looming upon the world with such cumulative power through a hundred years, now with evident intention (since the Secession War) to stay, and take a leading hand, for many a century to come, in civilization's and humanity's eternal game. But alas! in that very investigation—at any rate the method of that investigation—is where the deficit most surely and helplessly comes in. Let not Lord Coleridge and Mr. Arnold, (to say nothing of the illustrious actor,) imagine that when they have met and surveyed the etiquetrical gatherings of our wealthy, distinguished, and sure-to-be-put-forward-on-such-occasions citizens, (New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., have certain stereotyped strings of them, continually lined and paraded like the lists of dinner dishes at hotel tables—you are sure to get the same over and over again—it is very amusing,)—and the bowing and introducing, the receptions at the swell clubs, the eating and drinking and praising and praising back—and the next day riding about Central Park, or doing 'the Public Institutions'—and so passing through, one after another, the full-dress coteries of the Atlantic cities, all grammatical and cultured and correct, with the toned-down manners of the gentlemen, and the kid-gloves, and luncheons and finger-glasses. Let not our eminent visitors, we say, suppose that they have 'seen America,' or captured any distinctive clew or purport thereof. Not a bit of it. Of the pulse-beats that lie within and vitalize this Commonweal to-day—of the hard-pan purports and idiosyncrasies pursued faithfully and triumphantly by its bulk of men, generation after generation, superficially unconscious of their own aims, yet none the less pressing onward with deathless intuition age after age—those coteries will not furnish the faintest scintilla. In the Old World the best flavor and significance of a race may possibly need to

be looked for in its 'upper classes,' its gentries, its court, its *état major*. In the United States the rule is reversed. Besides, the special marks of our grouping and design are not going to be understood in a hurry. The lesson and scanning right on the ground are difficult, I was going to say they are impossible to foreigners—but I have occasionally found the clearest appreciation of all coming from far-off quarters. Surely nothing could be more apt, not only for our eminent visitors present and to come, but for home study, than the following editorial criticism of the London *Times* on Mr. Froude's visit and lectures here a few years ago, and the culminating dinner given at Delmonico's:

'We read the list' says the *Times*, 'of those who assembled to do honor to Mr. Froude: there were Mr. Emerson, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Bryant; we add the names of those who sent letters of regret that they could not attend in person—Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Whittier. They are names which are well known—almost as well known and as much honored in England as in America; and yet what must we say in the end? The American people outside this assemblage of writers is something vaster and greater than they, singly or together, can comprehend. It cannot be said of any or all of them that they can speak for their nation. We who look on at this distance are able perhaps on that account to see the more clearly that there are qualities of the American people which find no representation, no voice, among these their spokesmen. And what is true of them is true of the English class of whom Mr. Froude may be said to be the ambassador. Mr. Froude is master of a charming style. He has the gift of grace and the gift of sympathy. Taking any single character as the subject of his study, he may succeed after a very short time in so comprehending its workings as to be able to present a living figure to the intelligence and memory of his readers. But the movements of a nation, the voiceless purpose of a people which cannot put its own thoughts into words, yet acts upon them in each successive generation,—these things do not lie within his grasp. . . . The functions of literature such as he represents are limited in their action; the influence he can wield is artificial and restricted, and, while he and his hearers please and are pleased with pleasant periods, the great mass of national life will flow around them unmoved in its tides by action as powerless as that of the dwellers by the shore to direct the currents of the ocean.'

A thought, here, that needs to be echoed, expanded, permanently treasured, by our literary classes and educators. How few think of it, though it is the impetus and background of our whole Nationality and popular life. In the present brief memorandum, I very likely for the first time awake 'the intelligent reader' to the idea and inquiry whether there isn't such a thing as the distinctive genius of our New World, universal, immanent, bringing to a head the best experience of the past—not specially literary or intellectual—not even merely 'good,' (in the Sunday School and Temperance Society sense,)—some invisible spine and great sympathetic to these States, resident only in the average People, in their practical life, in their physiology, in their emotions, in their nebulous yet fiery patriotism, in the armies (both sides) through the whole Secession War—an identity and character which indeed so far 'finds no voice among their spokesmen.'

To my mind America, vast and fruitful as it appears to-day, is even yet, for its most important results, entirely in the tentative state. (Its very formation-stir and whirling trials and essays more splendid and picturesque, to my thinking, than the accomplished growths and shows of other lands, through European history or Greece, or all the past.) Surely a New World literature, worthy the name, is not to be, if it ever comes, some fiction, or fancy, or bit of sentimentalism or polished work merely by itself or in abstraction. So long as such literature is no born branch and offshoot of the Nationality, rooted and grown from its roots, and fibred with its fibre, it can never answer any deep call or perennial need. Perhaps the untaught Republic is

deeper, wiser, than its teachers. The best literature is always a result of something far greater than itself—is not the hero, but the portrait of the hero. Before there can be recorded history or poem there must be the transaction. Beyond the old masterpieces, the Iliad, the interminable Hindu epics, the Greek tragedies, even the Bible itself, range the immense facts of what must have preceded them, their *sine qua non*—the veritable poems and masterpieces, of which these are but shreds and cartoons.

For to-day and the States, I think the vividest, rapidest, most stupendous processes ever known, ever performed by man or nation, on the largest scales and in countless varieties, are now and here presented. Not as our poets and preachers are always conventionally putting it—but quite different. Some colossal foundry, the flaming of the fire, the melted metal, the pounding trip-hammers, the surging crowds of workmen shifting from point to point, the murky shadows, the rolling haze, the discord, the crudeness, the deafening din, the disorder, the dross and clouds of dust, the waste and extravagance of material, the shafts of darted sunshine through the vast open roof-scuttles aloft—the mighty castings, many of them not yet fitted, perhaps delayed long, yet each in its due time, with definite place and use and meaning—such, more like, is a symbol of America.

After all of which, returning to our starting-point, we reiterate, and in the whole Land's name, a welcome to our eminent guests. Visits like theirs, and hospitalities, and hand-shaking, and face meeting face, and the distant brought near—what divine solvents they are! Travel, reciprocity, 'interviewing,' intercommunion of lands—what are they but Democracy's and the highest Law's best aids? O that our own country—that every land in the world—could annually, continually, receive the poets, thinkers, scientists, even the official magnates, of other lands, as honored guests. O that the United States, especially the West, could have had a good long visit and explorative jaunt, from the noble and melancholy Tourguéneff, before he died—or from Thomas Carlyle. Castelar, Tennyson, Victor Hugo—were they and we to come face to face, how is it possible but that the right and amicable understanding would ensue?

WALT WHITMAN.

### Literature

#### "The Cathedral in the American Church."\*

IT IS NOT STRANGE that Episcopalians should indulge a little in the feelings that remain even in the regenerate heart at the coming of the first centennial of their independent organization. Certainly the contrast in numbers, in intellectual vigor, in social influence and in spiritual life, between the church which received its first bishop a hundred years ago and the church which commemorated that event in Philadelphia the other day is sufficiently imposing to warrant as much elation as the pious may be supposed to allow. One of the most curious features of this surprising development is the steady and resistless tendency manifesting itself in this body to reproduce on our shores the phases and processes of the development of the Mother Church in England. The little seed, planted on an unfriendly soil so long ago, held within it the promise and potency of the splendid system of the English Church; and, as the times have ripened, one after another the features of the ancestral order have budded and blossomed. Already the Episcopal Church in this country is reproducing the comprehensiveness of thought and the richness of worship that all men recognize as salient characteristics of the Mother Church. In its organization it is also going over the historic story of

England. The little book before us is an interesting exponent of this organic process. The cathedral of which the tourist thinks, as he recalls the great minster and its cloistered walks, is by no means the cathedral of which our American Episcopalian is thinking as he writes this book. To the tourist the cathedral stands for the picturesqueness of England. To the earnest churchman it stands for the practical religion of England. Only of late, however, could it have stood for anything practical in religion. For many generations the cathedral represented æsthetic, scholarly, but by no means earnest, Christianity. Its foundations provided for elegant culture and beautiful services, the net proceeds of which, in the advancement of humanity, the popular mind valued as lightly as it appraised editions of Greek plays, and daily choral prayers droned out for the edification of a few pensionaries. But of late years a great change has come over the English cathedral. The revival of religious life which has so notably characterized the English church in our generation—aided doubtless, as good dissenters of the Miall type might maliciously suggest, by the loud talk of disestablishment—has stirred the venerable chapters from their long repose, and made of them the centres of the new activity. The cathedral system is rapidly adjusting itself to the conditions of our age, and making itself a beneficent power in the cities and towns. While there may have been much dilettanteish feeling at work in the movement to reproduce the cathedral in our country, and while many of the rural clergy may have been tickled by the high-sounding titles of Dean and Canon, no one who reads this book will fail to perceive that there is something other far than a pretty, antiquarian affectation, in the restoration of the cathedral system now beginning in the Episcopal Church. Exaggerated theories of the divine nature of the Episcopate and distorted notions of the function of ecclesiastical polity in the churchly organism, with not a little of superstition as to the dwelling of the Most High in places made with hands, may feed this process of restoration; as most minds will quickly see in the pages of this book, even in the misnomer of the book itself. But it is in many respects a wise and beautiful system of church work which our author sketches in his ground-plan of the American Cathedral—a worthy housing for the noble men, who, as missionary bishops of this church, are doing so splendid a service to the future nation. The election of a man like Dr. Henry C. Potter to the Assistant Bishopric of New York opens noble possibilities in the much-talked-of Cathedral of the Episcopal Church in the Metropolitan city, and might well win over the dough-tiest Low-Churchman to the scheme.

#### "Chats About Books."\*\*

FOR SOME five or six years there have appeared every Sunday in *The Sun* long and elaborate reviews of important books signed 'M. W. H.' These reviews have revealed a writer of remarkable range and versatility. Here plainly was a critic of the widest culture and the broadest sympathies. English and French literature were clearly as familiar to him as American; poetry and fiction were by him as carefully considered as science and history; and he was as well acquainted with the records of antiquity as with the minute movements of contemporary diplomacy. This weight of culture was borne easily. Beyond doubt the critic was a man of wide experience of life. His literary style was rich, ample, and easy. He excelled in the art of reflecting light on one contemporary book from the pages of another; and he rose readily out of the chains of local or national prejudice. These are all qualities not often met with in the ordinary book-reviews of the daily press, and very rarely

\* *The Cathedral in the American Church.* By James M. Woolworth, LL.D. New York: Dutton.

\*\* *Chats About Books: Poets and Novelists.* By Mayo Williamson Hazletine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



indeed are they found to be united in a single reviewer. It is no wonder, therefore, that many lovers of books began to look for the criticism of 'M. W. H.' with hebdomadal impatience, or that Mr. Hazletine has been at last encouraged to select from the enormous mass of his literary work the score or so of articles which form the present volume.

The reprinting of articles written for a daily newspaper is always a dangerous experiment. The differences between journalism and literature are marked and emphatic. Mr. Hazletine's work stands the test perhaps as well as could be expected, but the book proves what the newspaper only made probable—that Mr. Hazletine is primarily a journalist and not an author. These essays, interesting as they are, and valuable, and often suggestive, are seen to lack something of solidity, now that they are read calmly and critically and at leisure. They have not exactly the condensation or the compressed force of purely literary criticism. In nearly all is to be detected a touch of the hurry which mars so much of newspaper work. It is, moreover, the quantity of 'M. W. H.'s' knowledge, rather than its quality, which strikes the reader; and this effect of great range of reading and experience is not seen to best advantage in a single volume of papers on poets and novelists. Mr. Hazletine's knowledge is in fact far wider than it is deep. He knows too much of everything to know everything about anything. In the present volume, for example, there are papers on Victor Hugo and Emile Zola, valuable for the frank enthusiasm they reveal and interesting from the extended culture which the critic brings to bear on his subjects, but not altogether satisfactory to any one who has made a minute study of either author and who knows exactly what they claim and what they have done. (We may note that the beginnings of Hugo's theatrical career are set forth on page 15 with not a few minor inaccuracies.) On American subjects Mr. Hazletine is better, and indeed at his best. The review of Mr. James's *Life of Hawthorne* is the best we can now recall. The study of Bret Harte, concise as it is, and partly indeed on account of its conciseness, is pregnant and full of point. And especially to be praised is the paper on Whittier's poetry—a more resolute grappling with the difficulties which beset higher criticism than is to be seen elsewhere in Mr. Hazletine's pages.

#### Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." \*

IT IS NOT OFTEN that the reviewed and the reviewer travel together over the ground for a book of travels; but as we read the record in Mr. Clemens's 'Life on the Mississippi,' 'We left per Pennsylvania Railroad, at 8 A.M., April 18th,' we recall vividly that we, too, left New York per Pennsylvania Railroad at 8 A.M., April 18th, 1882, and in the very next section to Mr. Clemens in the Pullman sleeper. We take pleasure in being thus able to state that Mr. Clemens's record of the trip, at least as far as St. Louis, is absolutely correct; notwithstanding the fact that our own powers of observation were somewhat limited by the effort to restrain certain young people in whom we were personally interested from exclaiming, on being told of the celebrity behind them, 'Why, he hasn't said a single funny thing yet, for we've been listening,' or comforting themselves with the reflection, 'Maybe he saves his funny things for his books!'

And now at last we have the book and the 'funny things,' which are as funny as ever, although the fun in this case has been made the spice rather than the chief article of diet. For in 'Life on the Mississippi' there is a good deal of solid reading and genuine information, made entertaining by anecdote and bits of such peculiarly American humor as the following: The pilot who was in charge of Mark Twain's early education on the Mississippi asked him, one day,

'What's the name of the first point above New Orleans?' Mr. Clemens tells us, 'I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did. *I told him I didn't know.*' The story of the two hundred and fifty dollar pilot is admirably told; and what could be better of its kind than the following:

'The first time I ever saw St. Louis, I could have bought it for six million dollars, and it was the mistake of my life that I did not do it. It was bitter now to look abroad over this domed and steeped metropolis, this solid expanse of bricks and mortar stretching away on every hand into dim, measure-defying distances, and remember that I had allowed that opportunity to go by. Why I should have allowed it to go by seems, of course, foolish and inexplicable to-day, at a first glance; yet there were reasons at the time to justify this course.'

This quiet fun, infinitely more original and enjoyable than broad farce, gives the book a humorous flavor; but the actual information given as to the old-time difficulties of navigation on the Mississippi, and the almost incredible demands upon the brains of Mississippi pilots, is of literary value quite apart from any of the fun. We have found more to enjoy in this book than in any other of Mark Twain's, even in the branch of literature considered to be his *forte*; as incidental humor, in the midst of genuine description, is always more effective than a series of unrelieved jokes. The illustrations of the book seem to us a mistake; there are a great many of them, but they are little more than so many different combinations of a man and a boy, two men talking, or a man with a lantern, a bag, or a pistol.

#### Law and Spirit. \*

MANY ARE THE ATTEMPTS being made to adjust the relations of science and religion, or to make the two in some way appear to be one. This latter problem is the far more interesting one of the two, and its solution has actually been undertaken by several acute minds. The more suggestive of these attempts are Picton's 'Mystery of Matter,' Graham's 'Creed of Science,' and Murphy's 'Scientific Basis of Faith.' An American attempt of the same kind is to be found in the discourses of the Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston. Such efforts as these have a peculiar fascination for our time, which demands that all things shall be brought to the method and test of science. For the most part they rest on some process of special pleading, and show too strongly the prepossessions of their authors to cause them to be regarded as of much value. They either grow out of an effort to reduce religion to the level of a physical interpretation of nature or else there is so strong a religious bias as to cause a limited and imperfect apprehension of the scientific method.

The book produced by Mr. Drummond is not more free from these limitations than others of the same kind. He has the advantage, however, over most other writers of such reconciliations, in that he is a scientific student. From his preface we conclude that he is a teacher of science in a non-conformist English college, and that he is at the same time the minister of an Independent congregation. His book is one of the most suggestive and independent yet produced of this general character. While strongly desiring to give religion a basis of scientific demonstration he does not let go his faith in spiritual things to secure this result. He is a Christian of an earnest type, and he is possessed of a devout spirituality of thought. In another respect he differs from most such apologies for religion made at the present time, for he discovers in science a defence of all the evangelical doctrines. His main position is that so often presented by Emerson, that the natural laws of the universe are in fact spiritual laws. 'Nature,' says Mr. Drummond, 'is not a mere image or emblem of the spiritual. It is a

\* *Life on the Mississippi.* By Mark Twain. Boston: Osgood.

\* *Natural Law in the Spiritual World.* By Henry Drummond. New York: James Pott.

working model of the spiritual.' It is so, not in the old analogical sense, but because there is a law of laws—the great law of continuity. He sees in nature a continuous order, without breaks of any kind whatever. As there is no break between the inorganic and organic, so there is none between the organic and spiritual; no break in the law, according to Mr. Drummond, but an entire break in the phenomena. For, in his first essay, he attempts to show that as spontaneous generation has been proven impossible in the natural world, so has it been proven false in the spiritual. As all organic life comes from previous life, so all spiritual life is the product of previous spiritual life. In other words, the spiritual in man is the product of contact with Christ. In the same manner, the laws of growth, degeneration, environment, parasitism and conformity to type are discussed. There is a competent acquaintance with science shown throughout, and a very suggestive and rich method of comparison. The book is full of strong points, its thought is clear and forcible, it has many and valuable illustrations; but the whole method seems to be defective. It proves too much; for the author attempts to find the whole Christian scheme, in its evangelical interpretation, in what science has to offer us. Along certain broad lines there is no doubt that science does give religion full countenance and approval; but no scientist could follow Mr. Drummond to even the simplest of his conclusions. Science does not teach a theology, and this is what Mr. Drummond tries to make it teach. Yet, in saying this, we cannot refrain from adding that he has made a valuable book—one to stimulate thought, to deepen moral purposes, and to awaken spiritual convictions. He is fresh in method, affords a wealth of illustration, and he brings an unbiassed mind to his work. Indeed, few books of the kind are so good as this or so likely to lead men out of old ruts of thought into new fields of inquiry.

"Albert Gallatin."\*

MR. STEVENS'S contribution to the American Statesmen Series seems to us rather overlong for the subject as well as for the purpose of the series itself; overlong, however, chiefly because we do not quite agree with him in his estimate of the character and services of Mr. Gallatin. They were unquestionably high, but a good many people will doubt if they were higher than those of most of his contemporaries. Mr. Stevens always speaks of the subject of his biography in the superlative. Of a certain debate, for example, he says that an 'impassioned speech' of Fisher Ames was its 'brilliant crown,' but when Gallatin spoke in the same debate it was to rise 'to the highest rank of statesmanship'—which must have been, of course, higher than Ames's crown. Nor is the praise limited to that single occasion. Gallatin showed, in that session of Congress, 'an equal mastery of other subjects.' We are prepared to hear in the summing-up of that chapter of his life that 'the leadership of his party fell to him as of course,' where certainly it should have fallen if it be true, as we are told in the same paragraph in a comparison of him with Jefferson and Madison, that he possessed 'a knowledge of Constitutional law equal to their own, a knowledge of international law superior to that of either, and a habit of practical administration of which they had no conception.' If all this seems a little extravagant, how much more so the next statement, that 'the party lost its chief when Gallatin left the House; from that day it floundered to its close.' If it 'floundered' at all from that day it may be because it lost its chief. But can a party be said to have begun to flounder at about the

time it attained to power which it retained, with occasional interludes, for the next sixty years? And if this be true, as it unquestionably is, is not the leadership a little strained?

With Gallatin's career Mr. Stevens has made himself familiar by careful study of the politics of his time, and, on the whole, he gives him the most credit where he most deserves it. The greatest service he rendered his country was during his long tenure of office as Secretary of the Treasury, and the portion of the volume relating to that period has a special value and interest as history, as well as for its instructive and clear treatment of the subject of finance.

Minor Notices.

DELIGHTFUL VOLUMES, whether their contents or their outward form alone be considered, are the three which the Messrs. Putnam have put together under the title of 'Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists.' The first opens appropriately with a portrait of, and an essay by, the first of modern essayists—Washington Irving—whose publishers the Putnams have been for many years; and it contains Thackeray's generous and manly tribute to Irving and Macaulay—the Roundabout, 'Nil Nisi Bonum.' It gives us a taste, too, of Lamb and Hunt, De Quincey and Landor, Sydney Smith, Emerson (on 'Compensation'), John Morley (on 'Popular Culture') and Matthew Arnold (on 'Sweetness and Light'). In the second volume we have essays by Helps and Kingsley and Ruskin, Lowell (on 'A Certain Condescension in Foreigners'), and Carlyle and Macaulay (both on History). The third volume contains fewer and much longer essays—Mr. Froude's 'Science of History,' Mr. Freeman's 'Race and Language,' Mr. Gladstone's 'Kin Beyond Sea,' Cardinal Newman's 'Private Judgment,' and Leslie Stephen's 'Apology for Plain Speaking.' In the first essay in this series, Washington Irving writes of the mutability of literature, his text being a dialogue with an old, parchment-bound, unread quarto, in the library of Westminster Abbey. It is not our intention to question the mutability of literature, but we may say that the twenty-one essays here reprinted are as little likely to suffer from it as any prose writings of the past one hundred years.

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & CO., who have given us some fine specimens of book-making, have turned out nothing better than the limited edition of Sheridan, recently issued from their press. They have chosen Murray's edition of the dramatist, which, as is well known, contains a play that the witty Irishman did not write. Why they should have copied this mistake of a brother publisher we cannot see. The typography of these three goodly volumes is of Mr. De Vinne's best. It is a luxury to turn these pages of heavy Holland paper, with untrimmed edges and wide margins. An interesting feature of this edition is the preface by Mr. Richard Grant White. While we may not agree with Mr. White's criticism, or think a boyish escapade a crime, we cannot but be entertained by his pleasant style. He is frank enough, right in the midst of the author's works, to condemn as well as to praise. His estimate of Sheridan does not disagree widely with that of Mrs. Oliphant, and his story of the brilliant dramatist's life is told with a most picturesque touch.

ANOTHER dramatist whom Mr. White has been called upon to edit is Shakspeare. For Houghton, Mifflin & Co. he has prepared the Riverside Shakspeare, in three volumes, suitable for the student or general reader. Mr. White has summed up the purpose of this edition in a few words. It has, he says, 'been prepared with the intention of presenting to the public for the first time an edition of Shakspeare's plays and poems which, compendious, yet easily readable, and at a very moderate price, should give a text edited with scrupulous care, and with the assistance of all the critical apparatus that exists for that purpose, set forth every fact known with regard to the poet and his writings, and add to this notes explanatory of every obsolete word or phrase, and of every obscure passage; in a word, unite thorough editorial work and attractive appearance with convenience and cheapness.' As was to be expected, Mr. White has done his work well. Where he has changed his mind, as expressed in earlier notes on Shakspeare, he points out the change, and gives his reasons for it. His new edition is for scholars,

\*Albert Gallatin. By John Austin Stevens. (American Statesmen.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



not for schools. If the impecunious lover of Shakspeare can afford but one edition of the poet's works, this is the one for him to get.

'GOLDEN THOUGHTS from the Spiritual Guide, which Disentangles the Soul and Brings it by the Inward Way to the Getting of Perfect Contemplation, and the Rich Treasure of Internal Peace, written by Dr. Miguel de Molinos,' is the somewhat mystical title of a little book which Messrs. Scribner have just put forth in dark blue covers with dull gilt lettering—the blue typifying the serenity of the heavens, and the gilt the radiance which streams through the heavens and falls upon the upturned face of the devout follower in the footsteps of this famous old Quietist. Dr. Miguel de Molinos—whose life has recently been rehearsed to American readers by Mr. Bigelow—was a man of much the same mental cast as the author of the 'Imitation of Christ,' and his aspirations and instructions will be read with profit by those who find consolation and support in that marvelously popular work, or in the Thoughts of the wise old pagan Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. A sketch of his life is prefixed to this volume, and a brief essay by Mr. Shorthouse, the author of 'John Inglesant,' accompanies it.

TO THEIR CLASSIC SERIES, Messrs. Roberts Bros. have added a volume of 'Classic Heroic Ballads,' selected by 'M. W. T.,' who has arranged the poems, as nearly as was practicable, in the chronological order of the events to which they relate. Those events date back to the brave days of old which Horatius rendered illustrious by his defence of the bridge, and forward to the late Civil War in America; and the commemorative ballads are such as Macaulay's 'Horatius,' Burns's 'Bannockburn,' 'Chevy Chase,' Scott's 'Flodden Field,' Browning's 'How They Brought the Good News,' Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' Whittier's 'Barclay of Ury,' Longfellow's 'Paul Revere's Ride,' Bryant's 'Song of Marmion's Men,' Halleck's 'Marco Bozzaris,' Holmes's 'Old Ironsides,' Taylor's 'The Song of the Camp,' Stedman's 'Cavalry Song,' Read's 'Sheridan's Ride,' etc. It is by no means an exhaustive collection, but it is quite full enough, and the average quality of the songs may be inferred from the names mentioned above. The proportion of American ballads is noticeably, and naturally, large.

A SERIES having somewhat the same aim as that of 'Prose Masterpieces'—the popularization of the modern classics—is begun by Messrs. Harper with the issue of the first volume of Leaflets from Standard Authors. But this latter series is designed primarily for use in the school room, and the editor gives some suggestions, in this connection, which will prove of practical value to teachers. 'Prose Passages from the Works of Motley,' compiled by Josephine E. Hodgdon, is the first of these pamphlets. It contains nineteen selections—from two to twenty-five pages in length—from 'The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic,' 'The History of the United Netherlands' and 'The Life of John of Barneveld.' A biographical sketch, which certainly does not err by damning its subject with faint praise, precedes the illustrated extracts from these brilliant works.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Mr. F. Leypoldt the 'Publishers Trade List Annual' for 1883. The trade owe a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Leypoldt. He saves the busy bookseller and publisher many an hour's work with his reference lists and catalogues, and now by adding the record of books from the *Publishers' Weekly* to the 'Trade List Annual' he has made them, and editors as well, again his debtors. The most of this debt we regret to say is paid in thanks. Mr. Leypoldt has not yet had the substantial reward that should come to a man who has done such incalculable service to the book business. His *magnum opus*, the American Catalogue, has still to pay for the cost of its preparation.

'MAN-OF-WAR LIFE,' by Charles Nordhoff, illustrated (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.), with its really gorgeous cover, has the merit of being an actual record of experience, and is undoubtedly authentic. There is no attempt in it at fine writing, but the average boy finds delight in the most prosaic statements of life on the ocean wave, while parents need not fear that it will inspire boys with a desire to run away to sea, as the author was heartily glad when he reached home again. By the way, do boys run away to sea nowadays? It is a long time since we heard of such a catastrophe.

DR. TAYLOR's life of 'David, King of Israel' (Harper's Franklin Square Library), is an excellent attempt to secularize, if we may use the expression, one of the lives too often unfamiliar because Biblically abstruse. In other words, Dr. Taylor has written the life of David exactly as he would write the life of any other man prominent in history, his literary style being simple, sensible, and to the point. It is unnecessary to add that he writes from the religious standpoint, and accepts such doctrines as demoniacal possession and direct answer to prayer without a question; yet he draws from every incident in David's life practical lessons for the present generation.

'HEROES OF LITERATURE: English Poets,' by John Dennis (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), though apparently differing little from other works of the kind, has some good original points. The biographical notices are brief, and are combined with short and simple criticism of each author's style and works. No selections are given, though there are occasional quotations; the author's aim being, as he states in his preface, to excite, rather than to gratify, the young reader's curiosity.

'THE CHRONICLE OF THE CID,' edited by Richard Markham and illustrated by Mc Vickar and Alfred Brennan (Dodd, Mead & Co.), told in prose, with a mediæval flavor in the composition, will perhaps only interest children with a decided and advanced taste for literature; but it is certainly a good book for any child to have in his library, and its pictures and handsome binding will make it outwardly attractive to them all.

DR. HOLMES's amusing verses, 'Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), have been set in charming colored pictures by H. W. McVickar. The book has the double merit of being sure to delight the hearts of children while fixing in their minds forever a striking historical event.

THE PUTNAMs have published, for The Charity Organization Society of this city, a manual laconically entitled 'A Classified and Descriptive Directory to the Charitable and Beneficent Societies and Institutions of the City of New York.' The motto of the book is 'United, an Army; Divided, a Mob.'

#### Recent Fiction.

WE ARE PREPARED to like anything by the author of 'The Senior Partner,' and Mrs. Riddell's latest story, 'A Struggle for Fame' (Harper's Franklin Square Library), is one of the books best described by saying 'Be sure and read it.' It is a little sad, and not wholly pleasing; for the heroine degenerates, and her struggle for fame becomes more or less a struggle for money, or rather for more money, since the struggle for money alone sometimes means a legitimate struggle for bread; nor do we think that the author has quite done justice to the compensations of a literary life, though she has depicted admirably its uncertainties and disappointments. We like the book for not making the heroine's character and fortunes hinge upon love and lovers, and we enjoy it for its vivid sketches of life in Bohemia and its admirable character-drawing. But one note, very effective when rightly managed, is struck too often: that appeal to the future, and sharpener of the reader's curiosity, implied in saying suddenly, 'Years after she looked back with—sorrow, or longing, or appreciation, as the case may be, to the incident just described.' Mrs. Riddell does not justify her frequent 'years afterward'; there is a constant hint of something more terrible, more beautiful, or more tragic than really happens, and the Mr. Lacere, of whom she predicts so much, fails to interest us in the least.

RHODA BROUGHTON tells us that her new heroine, 'Belinda' (Appleton), and Belinda's sister Sarah, are 'a pair of young women of whom their England has no need to be ashamed, and who are not at all ashamed of themselves.' Possibly 'their England' may be something different from our England, or the England of respectable society; but all we can say is, that if England in general does not resent the adoption forced upon her of two young women in comparison with whom Daisy Miller was a perfect paragon of manners, it will be because England in general will not take any notice at all of Belinda and Sarah. Unhappily, it is not merely a question of manners: the *morale* of the story is beneath contempt, and the style absurd. Of the hero, it need only be said that he is one, who, when Belinda

asks him at dinner to pass the salt, 'listens with such entranced reverence as if it were to the Spheres together singing.'

MRS. WISTER'S name as translator is a fortunate antidote to the sensational and unattractive title of 'Banned and Blessed.' (Philadelphia: Lippincott.) The novel and the translation are, as usual, worthy of Mrs. Wister, the story being a very interesting one, well told. The transfer of the younger hero's affections is especially original and well managed.

### London Letter.

THERE APPEARED last week in *The Pall Mall Gazette* a long theatrical review, headed 'A Poor Play Well Acted,' and signed 'A Casual Critic.' In *The Athenæum* of the following Saturday was published this note: 'The article in *The Pall Mall Gazette* on the new play at the St. James' is from the pen of Mr. Henry James, the American novelist. It is, as was to be expected, more interesting in the critical portion than in the narrative, which is not always quite trustworthy.'

New York playgoers have not forgotten that, some time ago, Mr. James presented a play called 'Daisy Miller' to the management of the Madison Square Theatre. It was quickly returned to him as being worthless for stage representation. Amazed at the presumption of the managers, Mr. James published his comedy, and instantly, in the eyes of all who know the rudiments of the drama, justified the opinion of those who had refused it. Yet even this public verdict the novelist declined to accept. He determined to prove that American managers, playwrights, and playgoers were dunces.

Mrs. Burnett's play 'Esmeralda' was produced ten days ago under the title 'Young Folks' Ways.' As the first American play performed by an entirely English company it attracted wide attention, and among the fashionable spectators who went on the first night to see it sat Mr. Henry James. The piece proved a pleasant success. Most of the English critics, like most of the American critics, found fault with the last two acts, in which the story stands absolutely still. But they all acknowledged its purity and elevation of tone, and were astonished that the New World could give work so refined to the Old.

Mr. James, however, remembered that the piece was a bantling of the Madison Square Theatre. 'Brought out two years ago in New York,' he wrote, 'it had, we believe, considerable success.' He was not sure of the fact, but viewing it in the light of such evidence as a superior person, living mostly out of America, could be expected to consider, he felt justified in giving it some credence. Moreover, fearing that the well of English undefiled might be polluted by these American infiltrations, he sat down to correct the favorable criticisms which had sealed the success of Mrs. Burnett and her comedy. And it is pleasant to record that if the benighted English playgoers still believe that anything of dramatic value can come from America, it is not the fault of the Casual Critic who contributes to the columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

'It would seem,' says the Casual Critic, 'that in addition to products still more necessary to existence, we are destined to import from America not only actors but pieces.' 'We,' forsooth! Is not the writer an American? Has he entirely renounced his country and its literature in favor of a land where 'Ouida' is accepted as the queen of romance and Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt as the leaders of the stage? If the style of the essay did not betray its authorship, one might doubt the uncontradicted assertion of *The Athenæum* that it was written by Mr. James. But here are all the flowers of the analytic manner. Dave Hardy comes from North Carolina 'to irritate himself with the sight of the Marquis.' The interest of the piece 'is surprised to

find itself centred' on a certain pair of lovers. One of the actresses 'shows plenty of intention and aplomb.' There is, in two continents, only one author who writes like this.

Of 'Young Folks' Ways,' then, he says: 'It would be difficult to find a point of view from which the phenomenon may be profitably considered. It would be unfair to criticise it seriously, it is so very primitive an attempt at dramatic writing. The beautiful scenery throws into almost cruel relief the attenuation of the action. It would be interesting to attempt to ascertain what level of taste, what range of ideas as to what constitutes a play and what a play is supposed to represent, the prosperity of such a piece would give us a right to imagine.' To which Mrs. Burnett may reply that the level of her literary taste and the range of her dramatic ideas can hardly be gauged by the author of 'Daisy Miller: a Comedy.'

Having thus expressed his contempt for the American play, the Casual Critic proceeds to lay his homage at the feet of the English players. Mrs. Hare is 'full of delicate intention,' whatever that histrionic quality may be. Mrs. Kendal 'contrives to be brilliant with very little material.' Mr. Kendal 'has really nothing to do but to put his glass to his eye and look jocose and gentlemanly, and of this he easily acquits himself.' Mrs. Vezin 'does her best with the too unamiable Mrs. Rogers, a termagant unrelieved by humor or by any niceties of characterization.' The subsidiary characters 'are filled with discretion.' In short, the only use of seeing the play is to notice 'how an inanimate production may be, within limits, vivified.'

Mr. James will do himself no credit by his essay. Mrs. Burnett is his rival in fiction, and in drama her work was accepted when his own was rejected. If he thinks she writes rubbish, he might at least refrain from expressing his opinion in the guise of an anonymous English critic. American stage-work has just begun to obtain recognition in England, and it is a little too bad that an American writer should do his best to depreciate it, when in doing so he stabs a rival in the dark.

LONDON, October 29, 1883.

P.

### The Lounger

THE DICKENS LETTERS furnished the *Tribune* for publication by Mr. J. W. Bouton have excited considerable envy, hatred and malice among the English newspapers. None but an American editor would publish such private letters (how about Keats's love-letters, dear English brother-journalists?), and only the American public would read a correspondence so plainly intended only for the private eye (who read Carlyle's posthumously-published letters, dear British cousins?). It is quite plain to The Lounger, looking calmly across three thousand miles of water, that the chief cause of wrath in this connection is that these letters were published first in America.

MISS HOGARTH, who published several volumes of Dickens's letters, seems to think that she and she only knows where to draw the line, and that the letters published in the *Tribune* are entirely too personal to be put in print. So they are, from one point of view; but editors are not apt to be over-scrupulous in such matters, either in America or England. Miss Hogarth seems principally concerned that her rights should be infringed upon by the republication of the letters in the London *Times*. The *Tribune* in answering Miss Hogarth seems to think that it has a strong point against her in a letter from her to Mr. Ouvry, the original owner of the correspondence. In this letter she speaks of having arranged the correspondence chronologically in the order of its writing, and adds that she has destroyed some of the notes, and trusts to Mr. Ouvry's sense of propriety to destroy any others that he may think too private to be kept. The *Tribune* argues from this that Miss Hogarth thus virtually sanctioned the ultimate publication of the letters, as 'whoever contributes to a collection of autographs which are to be "preserved" knows that the documents must sooner or later pass from



hand to hand, and that if they are valuable they will come into the market.' The argument is plausible but not convincing.

I HAD A LOOK at these much discussed letters a day or two ago at Mr. Bouton's. Of those written by Dickens himself there are over 170. Of these the *Tribune* published only twelve. They are all bound together in a large quarto volume, with some rare portraits of the novelist. As to where he got these letters Mr. Bouton says no more than that they were bought in open market in London, and that they had been offered to other American importers before he bought them. A curious thing about these autographs is the difference in the handwriting. The first are written in an unformed, sprawling chirography, with a plain signature. But as the writer grows older his style improves, and the signature changes from an ordinary bow-knot flourish to the familiar cork-screw twist seen in all his later autographs. The last letter is dated 'June second, 1870.' Dickens died seven days later.

MESSRS. PUTNAM have published a small volume called 'Work for Women,' which the author says 'was written with the aim of furnishing to women useful information in regard to various industries in which the gentler sex are successfully seeking employment.' Phonography is one of the professions that this writer recommends to women, as it will probably bring them an income ranging from \$10 to \$25 a week. The later salary, however, is exceptional. He also recommends the stage, or rather mentions it as a means of livelihood. A woman, he says, 'need not have the genius of a Rachel, a Modjeska, or a Clara Morris, to be able to make a good living in the theatrical profession.' 'Or a Clara Morris' is the saving clause. There is a long step between Modjeska and Clara Morris. Advice is cheap, and advice to stage-struck women might just as well not be given. You can tell them as long as you want to that there are no openings—that 'the profession' is overcrowded—but that does not deter them. It is quite true that 'the profession' is overcrowded, but it is not overcrowded with genius or even with talent. There are few good leading ladies, as the stock companies of our theatres will show, and there is always an opening for a good actress.

I DON'T THINK there are many women of genius hiding their lights under a bushel on the stage: managers are too anxious to get hold of good actresses to keep any one that gives special promise in the background. Good leading women are as scarce as good leading men, if not more so. The manager of 'one of the principal theatres in New York,' a theatre, too, that has had a large number of travelling companies on the road (does he mean the Madison Square?), told the writer of this book that he employed a large number of amateur actors, and that some of the greatest pecuniary successes had been made by actors and actresses who had come to him from amateur companies. Of course the new-comers were not successful at first; they had to serve an apprenticeship on the regular stage; but he meant to say that their previous experience, amateur though it was, had been of benefit to them, and that they had got along quicker than they would if they had been without it. The salaries that this writer gives as those received by members of stock companies are not such as to turn the head of a stage-struck girl. A beginner, he says, 'receives from \$5 to \$7 a week; if she is very pretty she will get \$7; if she is an "ancient," that is, rather old and decidedly plain, she will get only \$5.' The ability to sing commands an extra dollar per week.

### Notes

ON THE 21ST INST. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish 'A Hand-Book of English Authors,' by Oscar Fay Adams, who is preparing a similar hand-book of American authors. This firm will issue also Longfellow's 'Michael Angelo,' published with a wealth of illustrations for the holidays; 'The Mate of the Daylight,' by Miss S. O. Jewett; and the complete works of the late W. H. Seward.

In *The Independent* of November 15th is begun a series of articles by the eminent Hindoo reformer Keshub Chunder Sen, on 'Yoga, or the Devotional Life.' The same issue contains a poem by Joaquin Miller on Martin Luther.

The November number of Dr. Deems's *Christian Thought* contains a paper, popular in its character, by the Assyrian ex-

plorer, Ormuzd Rassam, to which Dr. Howard Crosby and the Rev. Francis Brown have added some interesting notes.

Some twenty cartoons, painted by Catlin from sketches made during his wanderings among the Indians, are hanging on the walls of the Museum of Natural History. It is to be hoped that some one will purchase them from Mr. Catlin's heirs, and add them to the treasures already in the possession of the Museum. Their value is great.

The first concert of the Symphony Society this season will be given at the Academy of Music to-night (Saturday). Beethoven's Seventh Symphony will be played, and M. Ovide Musin, the violinist, will make his first appearance in America.

A portrait of Peter Cooper will be the frontispiece of the December *Century*. Mrs. Susan N. Carter, the head of the Woman's Art School of the Cooper Institute, who contributed some interesting notes to *THE CRITIC* at the time of Mr. Cooper's death, has written an anecdotal paper to accompany it.

Dr. Charles Waldstein, the young American archæologist who holds the position of University Lecturer at Cambridge, England, has written for the December *Century* a paper on 'The Frieze of the Parthenon,' which describes his discovery in regard to the Athene.

'Standard Time' and 'Monroe's Administrations' are the subjects indexed in the *Monthly Reference Lists* for October.

The etchings in the October *Portfolio* (Bouton) are less interesting than usual in subject and treatment. They are 'Children in the Garden of the Tuileries,' by A. Lalanze; 'Sir Richard Southwell,' after Holbein, by Mme. Louveau-Rouveyre; and 'The Falls of the Clyde at Bonnington,' by C. O. Murray.

In the last number of *The Contemporary Review* there is an appreciative and interesting study of Browning by the Hon. Roden Noel.

Miss Ellen Mason's 'A Day in Athens with Socrates' will soon be published by Messrs. Scribner. Miss Mason has done a missionary work with her translations, and has actually made Socrates popular with XIXth Century readers.

Mr. Alexander Ireland has prepared a third and enlarged edition of his 'Book-Lover's Enchiridion' to which nearly 200 pages have been added. By arrangement with the author the book will be published here by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who also announce a limited edition on large paper bound in Japanese morocco. The latter edition will be illustrated with portraits of famous book-lovers, a fac-simile of Carlyle's letter to Leigh Hunt after reading his Autobiography, and other bookish bits.

Dr. H. M. Field has a new book in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. It is called 'Among the Holy Hills.' That so many have been over the ground before, Dr. Field considers 'no reason why the latest comer should not bring home a handful of wild flowers from Palestine.'

Messrs. Scribner are preparing a special edition of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's 'Reveries of a Bachelor' and 'Dream Life,' limited to 250 copies each. The edition will be printed on Holland paper by Mr. DeVinne. The 'Reveries' will have a frontispiece portrait of the author from a recent photograph, and 'Dream Life' will have an etching of the old farmhouse where the book was written.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard has written a new tale of 'love and art' which Jas. R. Osgood & Co. will publish. Its name is 'Guenn: A Wave on the Breton Coast.'

A third edition of Miss Greene's 'Hand and Ring' is being published by Messrs. Putnam.

Col. Charles C. Jones, of Augusta, has written a 'History of Georgia, from the Earliest Date down to the Revolution.' It will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in two octavo volumes, with nineteen page-illustrations.

Smith, Elder & Co. have begun the publication of a standard edition of Thackeray's Works, including some pieces never before collected, and with many additional illustrations. It is to be—with the exception of the recent *édition de luxe*—the largest and handsomest edition of the novelist ever published. The first volume—Vol. I. of 'Vanity Fair'—with a portrait of Thackeray, twenty-one steel-plates, and eighty-four wood-engravings, appeared quite recently, and a new volume will be added monthly for the next twenty-five months.

MR. CABLE is to address the Nineteenth Century Club on Thursday evening, December 6. This will be the first meeting of the Club this year, and it will be held, as usual, at the house of Mr. Cortlandt Palmer, in Gramercy Park. The second season of the Nineteenth Century promises to be as interesting as the first.

*Le Livre* of October 10 opens with an article on the birth of the late 'Henri V.'—Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné d'Artois, 'Duc de Bordeaux, et, un peu plus tard, grâce à une souscription nationale, Comte de Chambord'—in which copious extracts are made from the poetic addresses that were laid upon the cradle of the royal child. Eugène Dutoit treats learnedly of the invention of the art of printing. Whatever may be his name, he maintains, or that of the city of the Low Countries in which he worked, to Holland must be accorded the honor of having given birth to the inventor of movable types. The literary record in this number is as full as usual, the American letter of M. Henri Pène Du Bois being particularly exhaustive.

*La Nuova Antologia* for October 1 contains the first part of a story by A. G. Barrili, a novelist popular in Italy and not unknown in America. The review of modern French novelists, by the brilliant critic A. De Gubernatis, discusses the fitness of Ludovic Halévy to be admitted into the French Academy. In the number for October 13, 'Venezia che Scompare,' by C. Boito, is an eloquent plea for the preservation of the poetry and beauty of Venice from the encroachments of manufacturers. In Germany and Switzerland, it is claimed, a certain grace of form breaks the monotony of industrial buildings, but it is not so in Venice. 'Sunday as a Day of Rest,' by L. P. D'Amico, compares the earliest observance of the day in various countries with present customs. The writer predicts that rest upon the Sabbath will soon be universally regarded as of economic, scientific, and social importance.

THE LAST *Revue des Questions Historiques* contains an exhaustive analysis, from the pen of the eminent Coptic scholar, the Abbé Amelineau, of the latest researches of Mr. Cope Whitehouse, and indorses his effort to justify the assertions of the ancient historians, that, even in the Augustan age, an immense artificial reservoir existed in the Libyan desert, about a hundred miles to the south-west of Cairo. Dr. Schweinfurth, the highest authority on Egyptian geography, having also published in *L'Exploration* his conviction that the deep valley discovered by Mr. Whitehouse in the hitherto unexplored desert to the south of the Fayoum was once filled with Nile water, this question, which has agitated the learned world at intervals for two centuries, may now be considered settled. Mr. Whitehouse insists, further, upon its artistic as well as archaeological and practical value. In the latest number of the Proceedings of the Society for Biblical Archaeology, he explains the Minotaur as an Egyptian and not a Cretan myth, and as a poetic account of the conflict between the forces of nature which annually determine a high Nile. The Minotaur (or Men-Hathor) was a very famous 'cow-headed' statue, covered with 'emerald' glaze, which stood in the Egyptian Labyrinth, whose subterranean passages were only the 'gate-house' of the canal. From a papyrus in the museum of Boulak he shows that Theseus, who slays the Minotaur, is Set, the adverse influence which diminishes the flow of water through Pa-Siphæ (the canal) into the Lake of Moeris.

*Harper's Monthly* for December is a Christmas number indeed. We have already given our readers an account of its contents, but no description can do full justice to its merits. The names of the contributors, the number and quality of the full-page engravings and minor illustrations in the text, are calculated to astonish those who thought that the high-water mark of magazine work had already been touched in America. Indeed, this can hardly be called a magazine at all: it is a large and handsome book—a gift-book that may well be regarded as a rival of the more costly and pretentious bound volumes issued at this season of the year in view of the holidays. To readers of a literary turn of mind, nothing in this holiday number of *Harper's*—the illustrations for which cost, we are told, and can easily believe, more than \$10,000—will appeal with greater force than Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie's paper on Tennyson, from which we make the following brief extract:

'I can remember on one occasion through a cloud of smoke looking across a darkening room at the noble, grave head of the Poet

Laureate. He was sitting with my father in the twilight after some family meal in the old house in Kensington. It is Mr. Tennyson himself who has reminded me how upon this occasion, while my father was speaking to me, my little sister looked up suddenly from the book over which she had been absorbed, saying in her sweet childish voice, "Papa, why do you not write books like *Nicholas Nickleby*?" Then again I seem to hear, across that same familiar table, voices without shape or name, talking and telling each other that Mr. Tennyson was married—that he and his wife had been met walking on the terrace at Clevedon Court; and then the clouds descend again, except, indeed, that I still see my father riding off on his brown cob to Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson's house at Twickenham to attend the christening of Hallam, their eldest son. In after-years we were shown the old ivy-grown church and the rectory at Shiplake, by the deep bend of the Thames, where their marriage took place. One cannot but believe that which one has seen and heard, and yet it is hard to realize that some homes were not always there, created in one breath, complete in themselves and in their blessings.'

### Harriet Luttrell's Autobiography.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I OBSERVE, in your *Lounger* of October 27, some remarks in reference to an advertisement for the Autobiography of Harriet Luttrell, inserted under the head of 'Books Wanted,' in the October *Bookseller*, which are in many particulars inaccurate. If the *Lounger* has ever seen the tomb of Harriet Luttrell referred to in his article, it must have escaped his notice that her age (fifty-six years) and the date of her death (June 2, 1819) are inscribed thereon, which makes the year of her birth 1763—fifteen years before the Battle of Monmouth, at which time Elizabeth Mullen was not living, she having died August 13, 1777.

Harriet must have been two or three years older than fifty-six when she died, certainly not younger, for her mother's marriage with Henry Lawes Luttrell took place while he was an ensign in the 48th Foot, then serving in North America, *vis.*: between the years 1757 and 1759. At this time Elizabeth Mullen's father was dead (his will, which was probated September 11, 1749, can be found in the Secretary of State's Office at Trenton, N. J.), and his widow was living with her children in Trenton. On the 13th of February, 1765, Luttrell was commissioned Lieut.-Colonel 1st Regiment Horse, and in 1769 became famous as the contestant for Wilkes's seat in Parliament, and a target for 'Junius's' shafts of invective and rancor.

'Legendary history' invades the realm of truth, in recording that Luttrell's wife visited him in Ireland, for she never did. After their separation she married David Brearley, Jr. a young lawyer of distinction, afterward a Lieut.-Colonel of the New Jersey Continental Infantry, Chief Justice of New Jersey, and a delegate from New Jersey in the Constitutional Convention. Harriet married twice, but not in the order named by the *Lounger*. Her first husband was James Rogers, whom she married February 16, 1779. They had seven children, and he died about 1791. His will was probated June 14 of that year. After his death Harriet Luttrell Rogers visited her father, then Earl of Carhampton, at Carhampton Castle, Ireland, and was the recipient from him of valuable presents and substantial settlements, which need not here be particularized. About the year 1811 she again visited her father in England, he having in the mean while parted with his fine residence and the demesne of his ancestors during nearly six hundred years at Luttrells-town, County of Dublin, Ireland, and purchased the well-known and beautiful Pains Hill, at Cobham, Surrey.

The exact date of Harriet Luttrell Rogers's marriage with Dr. Gale is not at present known by the writer. There were no children by this marriage. After returning from her second visit to England she lived at Bordentown, N. J., on a beautiful place given to her by Colonel Kirkbride, of Revolutionary fame, who married her first husband's aunt, Miss Rogers. Another aunt, a sister of Mrs. Kirkbride, married Colonel Borden, one of whose daughters became the wife of Francis Hopkinson, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. The house in which Harriet Luttrell lived is still standing on a commanding eminence from which there is a panoramic view up and down the Delaware River, and of the country opposite, in Pennsylvania. It was here that she died, June 2, 1819, and was buried in the Hopkinson burying ground by the side of her first husband's relatives.

The Autobiography of Harriet Luttrell was probably written



in the interval between her two visits to her father, and was designed for private distribution.

NEW YORK, November 12, 1883.

W.

### Wasted Sympathy.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

One is at a loss to know why Mrs. Carlyle's letters should have been bestowed upon the public in two large volumes, while so many important and delightful books can receive scant attention. From Mr. Carlyle's minute notes, they were evidently of consequence to him; but they are not in the least so to the world at large. One looks through them eagerly for mention of the celebrated people, the new books—perhaps even of Tractarianism, or the Reform Bill. He finds instead—bugs! Why record a life wholly given to the body (only once are God and another life alluded to), and rooted and centred in trifles. Had Mrs. Carlyle been a woman of literary tastes she would have thrown herself into her husband's labors—copied, and translated for him. When Niebuhr's wife was sinking into the unconsciousness of death, he asked her if he could do anything more for her. 'Finish your history,' she replied. But Mrs. Carlyle hated the very name of Frederic. Had she been of a practical temperament she could have interested herself in the beautiful charities which so nobly fill up the lives of thousands of English women of leisure. Even when they have many children, Englishwomen do not think themselves absolved from charity work. But if Mrs. Carlyle persisted in being domestic, why could she not be that and something more? The lovely Mrs. Ripley of Concord kept her husband's house and fitted young men for college; hearing their recitations in Greek and Latin while ironing her husband's shirts. Most of the time she had no servant, never more than one, while Mrs. Carlyle had always two. Having nothing to think about except her own fancies, the latter lady worried herself into nervous disease. Mr. Carlyle seems to have been always kind and well intentioned, and no more absorbed in his work than all busy men must be. But between bugs and servants, Mrs. Carlyle could not have been an enlivening, much less a restful, companion. With no children, and no outside interests, the home must have been a dreary place. At any rate, Mr. Carlyle did his work and with it raised his wife to a position far above that to which she was entitled by birth or natural gifts.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1883.

A FRIEND OF INDUSTRY.

### Science

#### A New Theory of Heredity.\*

DR. W. K. BROOKS, one of the bright younger men of Johns Hopkins University, has written a most entertaining book, and one of great originality and patient research. He attempts the solution of the problem of evolution from the standpoint of heredity and ovulatory metamorphosis, and his theory as to development, taken in connection with Darwin's views upon the origin of species, explains many biological questions which have been, to say the least, puzzling and imperfectly understood heretofore. Availing himself of the researches of Haller, Bonnet, Buffon, Haeckel and other biologists, he builds up a most plausible and reasonable theory regarding the relation of the ovum and the germinal vesicle. In brief, his doctrine is the following: 'The union of two sexual elements gives variability. Conjugation is the primitive form of sexual reproduction. Here the functions of the two elements are alike, and the union of parts derived from the bodies of two parents simply insures variability in the offspring.' He proceeds to show the definite and independent nature of the cellular elements of the body: 'In a morphological sense, each cell is an independent individual.' Its possibilities of function are segmentation and proliferation. This fact has been familiar to physiologists and pathologists for many years, in fact since the discoveries of the great Virchow and those who followed him; but our author has applied it in a new way.

\*The Law of Heredity. By W. K. Brooks. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The cell, Dr. Brooks believes, is able during evolution to change its functions, and by natural selection to acquire a character which is consistent with its new environment and conditions. In the latter case, 'if its function is disturbed, and its conditions of life become unfavorable, it throws off small particles which are the germs or "gemmules" of this particular cell.' These germs may travel and invade the ovum or may be collected and 'stored up' in the male cell.

Our author goes on to show the conservative character of the female cell, the active nature of the male germ, and the physical impressions that follow the throwing off of the 'gemmules.' This theory is very neatly put forth and of course the histological and physiological side of the question form the subject of theoretical speculation. Many curious scientific facts in connection with breeding are brought forward to illustrate the author's new theory and in this respect the ordinary reader will find the book intensely interesting. It is a curious fact that very few of the biological writers of the present day are general anatomists and physiologists, but that the majority prefer to devote themselves to the narrow field of cell research. When the experiments of Brown-Sequard and Schiff, and the investigations of Flechsig and other German neuro-physiologists, are taken more into account by biologists, it may be found that after all the matter of evolution depends upon variations in the development of the nervous system, more particularly that part which presides over trophism. The crude experiments of many workers in this field, of which Galton's transfusion experiment is an example, have little or no value one way or the other.

#### "The Sun."\*

THIS LITTLE BOOK is a forcible illustration of the proverb, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.' It is evidently the work of a man of considerable reading, and a good deal of intelligence, but without any thorough understanding of scientific principles, or any such knowledge of his subject as to warrant him in assuming to instruct the public about it. So far as manner and style are concerned, the book is fairly well written; but it is full of misconceptions, and of confusions as to the meaning of scientific terms used by writers quoted; and of course, as a consequence, it is hopelessly, and even ridiculously, wrong in many of its statements and conclusions. We have no space for extensive details, but mention, as examples, the confusion of 'chromosphere' and 'corona' (pp. 9, 10), and the misinterpretation of the word 'fluid' (p. 15 and *passim*), as if it were synonymous with liquid and excluded gases—a mistake, by the way, not unusual among semi-scientific writers. One of the most remarkable blunders in the book is the discussion (p. 19) of the peculiar law of the sun's rotation, which evinces the author's utter failure to understand the meaning of the statements he quotes, as well as an entire ignorance of the facts. In several places where his statements are formally correct, some little qualifying phrase or side remark shows that he has no real comprehension of the matter; as an illustration of which it is only necessary to read § 3, on the sun's diameter. His supercilious treatment of recognized authorities, in cases where he happens to differ with them, is the same usually met with in the lucubrations of this sort of writers. Altogether the publication of this volume in the Humboldt Library must be regarded as a real and serious misfortune by those who desire to see the community supplied with sound elementary scientific reading. Most of the books which have appeared in this series are of sterling value—the work of masters in their respective lines of research; but there are exceptions, and this is a glaring one.

\*The Sun. By Nathan T. Carr, LL.D. (Humboldt Library.) New York: Fitzgerald & Co.

## The Fine Arts

### An Exhibition of Sketches and Studies.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION of sketches and studies in oil and water-colors is on view at the American Art Galleries, Madison Square. They are mostly by young artists or students, and bear a family likeness to what there is of hopeful or conscientious work at the National Academy exhibition. But seen where they are not used as foils to show off the pretentious dulness of some of our older artists, works of no greater merit than some that may be found at the Academy look bright and promising, as they really are. In the marble palace down the street one might overlook them, because they certainly are not what one should be called upon to take as the cream of our national art. It is, therefore, pleasant to see that the modesty and good taste of our art students have led them to prefer the smaller exhibition in which there are none of those sad laurels to be gained which the merest schoolboy may pluck from the brows of Academicians at the other show. Here it is a fight of student against student, because even the contributions of acknowledged masters of their craft, like Mr. Eakins, are essentially studies. Fifty per cent of the studies at the American Art Galleries may conscientiously be praised as respectable efforts of earnest pupils, while even the worst does not call for profane language. Not to speak again of studies by such men as Eakins, Maitland Armstrong and others, from whom good work is expected as a matter of course, there are enough good pictures here, by people of growing or of merely budding reputation, to make this a very agreeable show. Mr. France Throop's sketch, 'Covering a Carboy,' is, for instance, delightfully unaffected, direct and natural; so much so that its basket work frame may be borne with. Miss Rosina Emmet's 'Adobe House' is better work than any part of her ambitious Academy picture. Mr. Percy Moran's little darkies, in 'A Bite,' are more interesting than usual. Mr. Joseph Lauber's 'Art Students at Work' is remarkably successful. But even among the simplest studies much may be found worth looking at. One can see from the painting of a mere stretch of rugged road, with a dull gray sky above it, that the painter, Mr. H. L. Hillyer, is on the way to success. Mr. Rehn's 'Brace's Cove, Cape Ann,' though full of technical defects, gives one a better idea of the New England coast scenery of the tamer sort than a generation of marine painters have been able to convey. Studies of still life, by Charles E. Moss and others, are similarly pleasant to look upon. All of these, and a great many more sketches, were evidently done with an honest artistic purpose, which makes itself felt even when skill is lacking, and which, in the majority of cases, if time and circumstance serve, will develop all the skill that may be required.

### "L'Art."

THE THIRD VOLUME of *L'Art* for this year is not quite up to its immediate predecessors in one respect. The etchings are not as good. Perhaps it were too much to expect that, exposed to the chances of periodical publications in general, this particular one should nevertheless remain constantly at the high-water mark of excellence to which it has attained in its recent issues. In that now under review may be remarked, in some of the etchings, a tendency to return to the standpoint of the mere illustrator of the given text as opposed to that of the original artist. The view of the new cathedral of Marseilles, St. Raymond's etching after Murillo, and those by Ramus and others belonging to M. Emile Michel's article on Rubens, deserve to be classed rather with the cleverer and less pretentious pen-drawings of scenes in the Basque provinces than as independent works of art, which, it need hardly be said, etch-

ings may be, even when copied directly from paintings. Examples of the latter sort of modern etchings may be found in Louis Lucas's reproduction of Van Dyck's picture of the young Prince William of Orange and his betrothed—though this is better in intention than in execution—and in the portrait, by Courtry, after Franz Hals. It is interesting to note that in France, as well as here, the ladies have taken hold of this peculiarly manly art; for among the best etchings of this quarterly volume are Mlle. Léonie Valmon's two views of quiet water, with vessels, after Lapostelet's pictures in the Salon. In other regards, the present is an extremely valuable number of *L'Art*. The articles on the great decorative painter Le Brun, on the Della Robbia family, on ancient coins, and on the 'Liber Veritatis' of Claude Lorrain, are worth keeping for reference. Indeed, it would be difficult to point out a dull or a trivial page of text. The illustrations in the text keep, as usual, to the happy medium between sketchiness and over-elaboration.

## The Drama

'THE LYONS MAIL,' adapted by Charles Reade from the French of Moreau, Sevaudin and Delacour, was revived at the Star Theatre on Monday night. The play is not new in this city, but it had never before been adequately presented here. It differs from the ordinary melodrama in being founded upon fact—one of those facts that are proverbially stranger than fiction. Some eighty-seven years ago, between Melun and Liewesaint, the Lyons mail-coach was attacked by robbers, who shot and killed the postilion and courier and plundered the passengers. A villain named Dubosc, the leader of this band of highwaymen, was guillotined for the crime four years later. But in the mean time an innocent man, Joseph Lesurques, who had the misfortune to bear a strong resemblance to the murderer, was tried, convicted, condemned and executed, on the strength of circumstantial evidence. His body was laid at rest in the cemetery of Père La Chaise, but the story of his unhappy death was not allowed to slumber. For the past thirty-three years 'Le Courier de Lyon' has been one of the favorite melodramas of the French stage, the parts of Lesurques and Dubosc being played by the same actor. In the original, as in real life, the innocent man was executed; but the English version saves Lesurques at the last moment, and sends Dubosc to the guillotine.

It will be seen that the play affords an excellent opportunity to the actor who is at his best in melodrama. The almost simultaneous portrayal of two characters so widely different as the innocent and cheerful merchant, Lesurques, and the hardened criminal and leader of criminals, Dubosc, is a capital test of versatility. Needless to say, Mr. Irving stands the test well. Almost the only point of resemblance between the two men as he depicts them is the facial resemblance, on which the plot hinges. Lesurques is a pure-minded, upright, conscientious, courageous man—too brave to yield to his father's solicitation that he shall commit suicide to avoid the disgrace of the scaffold. Dubosc is a surly, mean-spirited rascal, of the Bill Sykes variety, with an inevitably fatal fondness for strong drink. One or the other of these characters is on the stage almost continuously, and Mr. Irving's changes of costume were not effected more rapidly than his alternations of identity. Dubosc was invisible in his Lesurques, and Lesurques vanished wholly when Dubosc stood before the footlights. But Mr. Irving was always present in one or the other character. In other words, it was almost impossible to forget that the highwayman and the merchant were not what they purported to be—that they were in reality not two men but one, and that one an actor. The identity of each was lost in the other,



but Mr. Irving's identity was not wholly sunk in either. The illusion was never complete. The acting was fine, extremely fine, and intensely interesting; but it was acting and nothing more. It was the work of a scholar. It was not such a performance as Fechter would have given us. In Fechter's hands the difference between the two heroes of the play—the good and the bad—would have been quite as clearly marked, and a glamour of romance would have been thrown over the scene whenever he came upon the stage. The comparison is to Mr. Irving's disadvantage, and may seem an ungracious one in view of the great merits of his performance; but it is one that must have suggested itself to every one in last Monday night's audience who was at all familiar with Fechter's Monte Christo, Obenreizer and Ruy Blas. Fechter is dead, however, and among English-speaking actors to-day no one can claim a better right to the title of his successor than Mr. Irving.

Miss Terry in the minor part of Janette was, as usual, extremely charming. The other parts were all well acted. It is to be hoped that American managers will profit by Mr. Irving's sojourn in this country. He can give them invaluable points in the art of putting plays upon the stage.

### Music

THE MOST NOTABLE EVENTS in our busy musical world since the last issue of THE CRITIC were the return of Mme. Adelina Patti and the opening of the Philharmonic concerts. Mme. Patti comes back to us in fine trim. Indeed, her voice seems to be like a good violin: age and use improve its tone. It never was richer or more brilliant than it is to-day. It has not, perhaps, quite the freshness of youth, but it has a mellowness that we do not find in young voices, let them be never so good. The Academy of Music was filled last Friday night with an audience that came to be pleased, and was not disappointed in the prima-donna. In the opera it found little to enjoy. 'La Gazza Ladra' is an offence to ears attuned to the operas of the modern French, German, or even Italian composers. In melody as well as in plot it is uninteresting. Fancy an intelligent, or even a fashionable, audience, sitting through three acts of an opera in which a magpie plays the title rôle! 'La Gazza Ladra' has not been played here in years, for the simple reason that no one wanted to hear it. It is made up of sweets. A hand-organ grinder would be ashamed of such music, though a hurdy-gurdy player might revel in it. That the audience sat out the three acts was a compliment to the prima-donna and not to Rossini. The one attraction of the opera was that Mme. Patti was on the stage almost every moment. That would prove a saving grace for even a worse opera, if there could be such a thing. Mme. Patti's voice seems to be in better condition than it was last year. Then it occasionally showed signs of wear. Now nothing of the sort is noticeable. In writing of her performance one can only repeat the adjectives of praise that have been lavished upon her ever since she first raised her voice in song. She gives very little to the critic to do; yet there are many who would be slow to say that they enjoyed her singing more than that of any prima-donna they had ever heard.

The performances of Mme. Gerster have been very interesting this season. Her voice, like Patti's, is in much better condition than it was last year. It does not, however, like hers, defy criticism. Her lower notes are held in the throat in an inartistic manner, but her upper notes are as pure as ever. If Mr. Mapleson's tenors were only worthy of the other members of his company, it would stand easily first in all respects.

THE PERFORMANCE of 'Lohengrin' at the Metropolitan Opera House was a disappointment from a musical point of

view, but as a spectacle it was eminently successful. So much glitter, color, and calcium light had never been seen in an opera house in this city. The stage mounting of the piece was simply superb, from the costumes of the singers to the flexible neck of the swan that drew Lohengrin across the lake, flapping its wings and generally disporting as so distinguished a bird should, whether alive or dead. If the reader has ever had the sunlight flashed in his eyes from a mirror manipulated by a rude boy, he will have a graphic idea of the blaze of light that shone from every scale in Lohengrin's armor. So much for the show. Of the singing we cannot speak in such admiring terms. Mme. Nilsson's Elsa has lost much dramatically, though musically it is better than we had expected from her singing in 'Faust' and 'Mignon' this season. It used to be an ideal piece of acting, but is so no longer. Signor Campanini's Lohengrin also has lost much of its charm. He sang the music badly, only reminding us of his former self in the swan song. Mme. Fursch-Madi was the most satisfactory of the principals, and made the ungrateful part of Ortrud interesting to a fashionable audience. The chorus sang out of tune frequently, and without the power one would naturally expect from so large a body of singers. Nor did the orchestra add anything to one's pleasure. With all respect for those Wagner-ridden critics who believe in hiding away the orchestra in the cellar, we must say that it is a great mistake unless the leader be hidden with it. To see a man in a pulpit, frantically beating the air, one moment over the foot-lights and the next bent almost double over the railing of his box, is almost too much for one's sense of the ridiculous. Moreover, he loses control of his orchestra while egging on his chorus, so that vocalists and instrumentalists both are left to follow out their own ideas of time while the audience listens and wonders. The new opera house is too bad a place for sound for any such experiments, and we would advise Signor Vianesi to make another and bolder stand for his rights.

THE FIRST CONCERT of the Philharmonic Society was a most gratifying opening of the season. Listening to Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Rubinstein, and the other masters on Mr. Thomas's programme, was a refreshment to ears that the night before had been filled with the tinkle of Rossini's hollow music. The constant practice of most of the members of the company during Mr. Thomas's recent tour of the states was shown in the completeness of last Saturday night's performance. Usually one notices a little roughness in the playing of the orchestra at the first concert of the season, but there was nothing of the sort observable on this occasion. The instrumentalists could not have played more perfectly together. In their part of the performance there was nothing to find fault with. 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' a ballad for the orchestra, was played from the MS. of Mr. A. C. Mackensie, who by this composition proves himself to be a thoroughly musicianly composer. He has attempted to tell the story of a poem of Keats in music, and he has succeeded admirably. We cannot say that his work seems to us altogether original. It suggests passages from 'Lohengrin' and 'Tannhauser'; but this, probably, is not attributable to a direct imitation of Wagner, but rather to the natural influence so great a master would have upon a beginner in the art of orchestral construction. There are some really poetic bits of composition in 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' and Mr. Mackensie's knowledge of orchestral effects is surprising in a man of so little experience.

Miss Agnes Huntington, the young mezzo-soprano who made her début on this occasion, was cordially received. She has a fresh voice, but either from the nervousness natural on a first appearance, or from faulty teaching, she did not make the best use of it.

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